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PROBATE COURTS.

Bradford District, 1868, 1869.

PROBATE COURTS will be held within and for the District of Bradford, for the year ending, as follows: viz:

At the Trotter House in Bradford, on the second Tuesdays of January, March, May and August, 1869.

At the Hotel in East Corinth, on the second Tuesdays of February, July, September and November, 1869.

At the Newbury House, Newbury, on the second Tuesdays of June and October, and the last Tuesday in August, 1869.

At the Register's Office, West Fairlee, on the second Tuesday in December, 1868, and the second Tuesday in April and last Tuesday in September, 1869.

ALVAH BEAN, Register.

West Fairlee, Dec. 1, 1868.

NATIONAL OPINION.

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Edgar Ashcroft's Bad Luck.

Edgar Ashcroft hurried through the street at an unusually early hour in the morning; for in general he was given to late evening hours, getting up in the morning whenever he felt like it. He did not pause till he reached the door of a plain brick house in a quiet street. Ringing the bell rather excitedly, he inquired of the servant, who answered his summons:

'Is your master in?'

'Yes sir.'

'Hand him my card, and ask him if he will see me.'

The servant quickly reappeared with the request that Edgar would follow her into her master's presence.

Edgar Ashcroft was ushered into a pleasant sitting room, where his friend, Charles Holden, a single man at least ten years older than himself, was seated at a table on which rested a small trunk of business documents, which he had brought home for examination, his business being that of a lawyer.

'What brings you here at this early hour, Ashcroft?' asked the lawyer in surprise.

'Bad news,' said Edgar, thrusting his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and speaking in an excited tone.

'Bad news! I am sorry to hear that. But what is it?'

'You remember I consulted you three months since about investing my money in a copper mine somewhere in the Lake Superior region?'

'I remember it perfectly. I advised you to have nothing to do with it.'

'I wish I had taken your advice; but I was fool enough to be dazzled by the brilliant promises of the directors, and the long and short of it is, I invested my entire fortune in the concern.'

'Is it possible?'

'I wish it wasn't, but it is.'

'The shares are selling for five dollars where I paid a hundred.'

'How many have you?'

'Five hundred. That is, I invested fifty thousand dollars, and I could only sell out for twenty-five hundred to-day.'

'Sell out,' said Holden, laconically.

'What! and sacrifice nineteen-twentieths of my fortune?'

'Better than the whole.'

'But don't you think it worth anything?'

'Not a cent.'

'There are some good mines there; true, but this was getting up by swindlers to cheat the credulous public out of their money. It will go down to nothing.'

'But twenty hundred dollars won't support me,' said Ashcroft in dismay.

'Do as I do, then.'

'What?'

'Earn your living by your own exertions.'

'But,' said Edgar, 'I have never been brought up to work.'

'Everybody ought to do something.'

'But consider my delicate health. My constitution is very weak. I can assure you.'

'I should think it might be. You turn night into day and day into night. Late hours at parties, soirées and theatres are enough to undermine any constitution, when carried to the excesses you carry them.'

'Do you really believe it is that?'

'Yes I do.'

'I never thought of that. Perhaps you may be right; but if I were able to work, what could I do? Who would engage me as a clerk?'

'How would you like to follow my profession?'

'As a lawyer?'

'Yes.'

'Isn't it hard work?'

'Of course it is. Anybody that expects to succeed in a profession must look forward to hard work.'

'So I am going to be a lawyer,' thought Edgar Ashcroft, as he left his friend's house. 'If anyone had told me that a month ago, I should have pronounced him insane. Well, circumstances alter cases, that is certain. What will my fashionable friends say?'

This was after all, the greatest trial to Edgar. To subside from the position of a man of fashion to a humdrum clerk in the office of a real-estate lawyer seemed to him a great descent, though in view of right-thinking people it will be regarded as an ascent.

In a week the change was made. Edgar realized the sum he expected on his mining shares, and invested it in substantial bank shares which yielded him a net income of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. Upon this and his salary he must live. Considerably against his will, he took quarters in a comfortable but moderate priced boarding-house, and began life on a new footing.

As he anticipated, there was considerable talk about his change of fortune, and most of his fashionable acquaintances forgot to include him in their future invitations, while some that he had known intimately appeared to forget that they ever knew him. This troubled him considerably at first, but there was one good effect resulting from his neglect by his fashionable friends. Not being invited to parties, he no longer had occasion to keep late hours, and his health and strength visibly improved. This surprised him, as he was occupied with office work during one day, he said:

'I declare, Holden, I've gained fifteen pounds in the last three months.'

'Work seems to agree with you, Ashcroft,' was the reply.

'I feel stronger than I used to.'

'I told you how it would be.'

'But I didn't believe you at the time.'

'Late hours are more trying to the constitution than hard work.'

'So I begin to find it.'

Just at first Edgar found his office work a task; but soon it began to be pleasant. He became interested in the profession he had chosen, and as he was by no means deficient either in natural talent or in education, he became, before the year closed, a valuable assistant to his friend Holden.

Just before the close of the first year, the lawyer said: 'Edgar, if you have no objection, I mean to double your salary.'

'Thank you, Holden; but I don't want you to do it unless you think I am worth the increase.'

'I do think so. You have made yourself very valuable to me, and have fully mastered the routine work of the office.'

'Then I will accept it gladly; for, though I don't want to go back to the old scale of expenditure, I would like a little better room, and a little better table.'

So the new arrangement was made. One day Edgar met in the street Mr. Bullion, a "heavy" man in the parlance of the street, and president of one of the city banks.

He tried to avoid him, having two years before proposed for the hand of Miss Fanny Bullion, and though favored by the young lady, been unceremoniously rejected by the father.

But, to his surprise, Mr. Bullion advanced to meet him and said cordially:

'How do you do, Mr. Ashcroft?'

'Very well, thank you, sir,' said Edgar, rather embarrassed.

'Come round to the house. We shall be glad to see you.'

Edgar's face betrayed his surprise.

'I'll tell you a secret young man. Two years ago I refused your suit for my daughter. Shall I tell you why?'

'If you please, sir.'

'Because I saw that you were a mere man of fashion, doing nothing useful, sure to run out of money at last, and with no occupation to fall back upon. You lost your money sooner than I expected; but to my surprise, you have acted since like a sensible man. I hear good reports of your talents and industry. Come to my house whenever you like, and if ever you have any proposition to make to me, I will take it into consideration.'

Edgar needed no second invitation. He made an early call, and found that Fanny Bullion's heart was still his. So one day he made bold to lay the matter before Mr. Bullion.

'Fanny loves me and I love her,' he said; 'but my salary is only twelve hundred dollars a year, and my fortune is also reduced to twenty-five hundred dollars.'

'Frankly spoken young man,' said Mr. Bullion. 'I don't care for your property. You shall marry Fanny, and I'll see that you have enough to keep the pot boiling.'

So Edgar Ashcroft married the daughter of a millionaire. He was at once taken into partnership by his friend Holden, and to day he is a millionaire himself, having inherited the bulk of his late father-in-law's property. So his bad luck turned out to be the best of good luck, after all.

How Ardent Spirits Are Made.

The Boston Journal of Chemistry of March 1, gives to its readers some 'very private recipes' for making fictitious liquors, used by dealers in England and America, some of which abridged, are here transcribed for the purpose of showing consumers the quality of the beverages now generally exposed for sale. These recipes are not so bad as some in use, and undoubtedly show the processes by which the best class of liquors are made. We have in the market no pure liquors; and much better would the condition of those who use it be, if they were sure of having beverages no worse than these.

The editor of the Journal says: 'The oil of bitter almonds, ethereal wine, peach extract, nitrous ether, etc., are all poisons; and when taken into the stomach with alcohol are calculated to make short work with those who swallow these liquids.' And speaking of the 'gin,' he says it must be a delectable compound with or without the biting caustic potash or smoky creosote. But we give the recipes:

No. 1.—For Brandy.

Oil Cognac 1 oz.
Bitter Almonds 3 drams.
Wine Ethereal 4 oz.

These are to be cut in one quart of spirits of wine 95 per cent., bottled, corked and shaken together, and after standing one day to be poured into about 175 gallons of pure spirits. And there are to be added 4 lbs. sugar, and enough burnt sugar to give the required color.

No. 2.—For Brandy.

Oil Cognac 1 oz.
Acetic Ether 1 lb.
Tannin 4 lbs.
Cherry juice, sour 6 pints.
Sugar dissolved 2 lbs.

These should be cut in one gallon proof alcohol, served as in recipe No. 1, and put into 130 gallons of spirits; the whole to be colored with French coloring as required.

No. 3.—For Brandy.

Oil Cognac 1 oz.
Wine Ethereal 1 lb.
Bitter Almonds 3 drachms.
Elder flowers 3 lbs.
Tannin 4 oz.

Dissolve in one gallon proof spirits and pour into 130 gallons of spirits. Use burnt spirits to give color. (The tannin gives a roughness and appearance of age.)

No. 4.

Oil Cognac 1 oz.
Acetic Ether 4 oz.
Peach 3 oz.

Dissolve in one quart of 95 per cent. alcohol, put in 10 quarts New Rochelle brandy or other spirits, let it stand in a warm place five days, draw off, add to 130 gallons of spirits.

Manufacturers will find it to their advantage to use sometimes, with disunion, tannin, bruised French plums, wild cherry juice, peach ether, old brown sherry, clean oak shavings, tincture catechu, finely powdered charcoal, black tea, ground rice, and other ordinary materials well known to distillers and rectifiers, each valuable for their respective qualities.

For Gin.

Oil Angelica 1 oz.
Juniper triple 1 oz.
Rum, white 1 oz.
Essence of lemon 4 drachms.
Salt 5 lbs.
White sugar, syrup 1 1/2 gals.
Water 5 gals.

These ingredients are to be dissolved in 2 gallons proof alcohol, and poured into 100 gallons of spirits. Distill frequently use oil of caraway, oil fennel and oil of peach, one-half ounce of each, to procure an aromatic effect and give a richness, smoothness and creaminess to the liquor. Creosote is used, with great caution, where a certain degree of smokiness is required; and a small quantity of caustic potash, to render the gin biting on the palate.

For Jamaica Rum.

Oil rum, brown 1 lb.
Pimento 1 oz.
Acetic Ether 1 oz.
Sugar candy, dissolved 3 lbs.
Water 10 gals.

Cut in high proof alcohol, stand 10 days, and then added to 100 gals. spirits.

For Santa Cruz Rum.

Oil rum, white 1 lb.
Essence of lemon 2 oz.
Nitrous ether 4 oz.
White sugar syrup 1 gal.
Water 10 gals.

From this make 110 gallons of the article.

The editor says: 'Every practical chemist knows that the liquors retailed at fashionable hotels are greatly attenuated and mixed; and all who have taken the trouble to investigate, have a clear understanding of the abominable character of the liquors retailed at shops and bars. The fact is, found almost universally in branches, results from the admixture of cheap whiskey with the brandy. Seventy per cent. of low grade whiskey can be mixed with it and no one detect the fraud by taste or smell.'

'Wines are worse than other liquors. We recently examined a bottle of champagne taken from the

hands of the importer, with a name upon the label that has the highest repute in this city, and it was found to be fictitious and poisonous. The whole business of manufacturing and vending wines and liquors, both in Europe and this country, is sadly demoralized. Persons who patronize first class bars should understand that they fare but little better as regards the liquors they drink, than if they drank at the bars of low groceries and dance cellars.'

D. H. KANNEY,
Ag't. Vt. State Tem. Soc.

SCARCITY OF FODDER.—The scarcity of hay in the eastern town of this and Lamoille counties is terrible. Large dairies have been ruined and many farmers have had their best cows die off daily for want of hay, and yet were unable to procure any for them, the bad roads preventing travel. A good many of the farmers of Belvidere who sold hay last fall—in expectations of lower prices—for \$20 per ton, have now to go as far as Waterbury, Cambridge, Borough and Johnson to get their hay, and have to pay as high \$30 per ton for it, and on account of the bad and drifted roads, cannot draw more than 300 lbs. to a load. A gentleman who left Belvidere Saturday, reports that the new snow that fell some time ago is now about a foot deep, and the old snow is from two to two and a half feet deep in many places along the road. He says he has fed out all his potatoes, flour &c., to his cattle to keep them alive, and is of the opinion that he will have to fodder till about the first of June, and does not expect to get done doing his spring's work till about that time. The roads through Belvidere are so bad that they have to turn out and go through the fields. In Montgomery, the cattle are fairly starved to death for want of hay. Yesterday, we are informed there was not enough hay in the town to last two days, if divided among those who are out of fodder.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, of Montgomery, has been obliged to keep his stock on flour, it being impossible to procure hay or bran for money. A Mr. Lauphler, of the gore, has lost three or four head of cattle from starvation, and several others have lost from two to four. In Belvidere, the farmers are about as bad off; a Mr. Maynard losing six cows, and Mr. Hiram Wheelock losing two. Hay sells readily at \$30 per ton in the eastern towns.—Ex.

BOUND TO SEE GRANT.—The Bangor Jeffersonian tells us of a Penobscot fruit grower—a genuine Yankee—who stopped at Washington last winter on his way home from a little trip to Florida. He was determined to see Gen. Grant, and therefore called at the War Office, telling the door-keeper his wishes.

'What followed was this:—

'The General is engaged.'

'Well, I want to see him.'

'Upon business?'

'No, sir, I want to see him. I don't want an office, I don't want to speak to him, even, I don't want to occupy a moment of his valuable time, I want to see him merely.'

'When will he be out?'

'In about four hours.'

'Well, I am not going home without seeing Gen. Grant. No, sir, and unless I am thrust out, with your leave I will sit here until he appears.'

'Then dropping into a chair he resigned himself to the probable four hours sitting.'

Presently the door-keeper was missing, but he soon returned with, 'if you will go with me I will show you General Grant.'

He followed him into another room and was introduced to General Grant. The General extended his hand and expressed himself happy to see him. He shook the General's hand, took a good hearty look at him, and turned to depart, saying 'My ambition is satisfied I have seen General Grant.'

'Take a chair, sir, take a chair,' said the General appealingly, 'I am happy to see you.'

'Thank you, sir, I will not occupy a moment of your valuable time. I came to see General Grant; I have seen him. His time is valuable, so is mine. Good bye, sir.' And bowing he left the room, followed by a merry laugh from the astonished President elect.

Shortly, it was announced in the New York Herald that there was a mysterious stranger in Washington who did not want an office, and the editor nervously asked, 'Who is it?' and called the detective force to arrest him as conspiring against the dignity of office seeking as one of the most respectable of all the professions.

A Maine houseman says: 'Let me inform humane men and hostlers and all who hold the rein, that the way to cure balky horses is to take them from the carriage and whirl them rapidly round till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this, one at the horse's tail—Don't let him step out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One dose will often cure him; two doses are final with the worst horse that ever refused to stir.'

On The Road to White Pine.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin relates this incident of a trip to White Pine, Nevada, as illustrative of the 'hotels' on the route:

'At one station the party halted for a square meal. There was a tent and in it a huge kettle of coffee and a camp oven. After waiting a few minutes, the landlord came to the door and snapped out, 'Room for four.' Our informant went in with three other men, and they knelt around a flat box, with three other men, and they turned down on the ground. On the top were four basins of strong coffee, and by each dirty tin was a dirty biscuit and an egg. The coffee and eggs were good and the biscuits were good on the outside, that is, the eater had to choose between the two evils—dirty over the top crust, dough under it. Each loaf was like a cream cake, perfectly soft inside. The hungry men tore off the crust and after blowing, scraping and rubbing it to remove the alluvial deposits, put it down with a gusto and torrents of strong coffee. The inside masses of dough were left by each man's basin. When the men had finished their meal and while they were yet kneeling their host put his dirt begrimed and greasy hand over the box and spoke again, 'Four dollars.' He was paid. Plump went the silver into his pouchy pocket, and pop went the four masses of dough back into the oven. As soon as a new crust was baked over them, eggs cooked, and the basins were refilled with coffee, four more hungry men knelt down, ate off the crust, rejected the rest of the dough for another baking and paid their dollar each for the meal. It was calculated that one more stage load of customers would finish the biscuits and put the landlord to the trouble of kneading a new batch.'

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.—A good wife is the greatest of earthly blessings. A man in an is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family you have known long.

Never talk at one another, alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield offense to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim of each.

The nearest approach to domestic felicity is in mutual cultivation of absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed, and even then, prelude it with a kiss and lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake. Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.

Never allow a reasonable request to be repeated.

'I forgot' is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; besides it may be that you will not meet again in life.

A contemporary speaks of an individual who buys one or two shares of stock in every railroad and bank, in order to go to all the annual elections and eat all the annual dinners.

A police judge in Pittsburgh descended from his lofty position and kicked a threatening witness into the street.

A New York police captain has been mulcted in the sum of \$1,000 for an unjustifiable assault upon a citizen.

Two colored gentlemen settled an affair of honor in Savannah, Ga., the other day, by a 'butting contest.'

Voltaire says that Jeremiah died of the knowledge that a man was to be born, named Lefranc, destined to translate his 'Lamentations' in French.

'What a pity it is,' said a lady to Garret, 'that you are not taller! I should be happy indeed, madam,' replied Garret, 'to be higher in your estimation.'

A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied: 'To marry a rich widow with a bad cough.'

There is a building in this country twenty miles long, sixteen feet wide and sixteen feet high. It is the snow shed on the Central Pacific Railroad.

A lad named Romeo Crossman was killed by being kicked by a horse at Burlington, Vt., on Friday.

The wife of a man who died of hydrophobia in Cincinnati has sued the owner of the dog for \$5000.

Numerous grasshoppers have made their appearance in some parts of Iowa.

Whether need not wait any longer for something to turn up? the new fashioned boots do—at the toes.

Why does a rooster cross the street? To get on the other side.

A Cleveland dry goods firm has at last found a remedy against loafers on their corner. 'Wanted—A few more loafers, to stand on this corner.'

The fishway at Lawrence does not give the easiest passage to the finny tribes of the Merrimac, and Mr. Noyes, the fish warden, is busy with his dip-net, taking out alewives and shad at the foot of the way to put in above the dam. Last year